

CRASS WIRES

What next? Mushrooms, parmagiana, schadenfreude, shipping containers and more!



New hypothesis: zines barely immune to Godwin's Law

**WE DID IT! NEW PRINTER
USED SECOND TIME**

**Back and lses edited
than ever**

JUST CLEARING MY THROAT

Finishing projects is scary. It took me a while to realise. Everything has to seem incomplete, somehow. It is part of a style and an ethic, almost, but without being completely intentional. If it is finished, I feel better if it's genuinely partly accidental or improvised (think of early Fall with their scrappy instruments, or your HS notebook scribbles).

Maybe it's something to do with not wanting to identify with commercial or political officialdom – but that's just me relating to the official counter-cultural /subcultural media canon, isn't it? Maybe I am just stropky and a bit spoiled, a millennial showered with unearned rewards without the work ethic. But that's a bit of a cliché too. I dunno. Hope you'll excuse a little bit of a self-absorbed whine.

But either way, I don't know how to do that neat graphic design stuff and I don't want to focus on that at the moment. Maybe something will eventuate that deserves the proud, decisive completeness of a 'proper' publication. Before then, I'll prove that I'm not a smug 20-something 'creative'. Not a typical one. Whatever that is, I don't even know those people very well. Ha.

Doing new stuff is scar- nah this is a PIECE OF PAPER. Pushing creative boundaries is- PIECE OF PAPER. It's a PIECE OF PAPER. What's the worst that could happen, making a mistake writing a zine? Well, pieces of paper can be very important things. The fear is in not knowing the importance something might have for the course of history. It either won't be very important (in which case, you might not do anything at all) or it will be important, perhaps in a bad way and it might've been better not risking embarrassment. Or maybe this is an act of love; I try things and you will win either way by either knowing what not to do, or what is good to do, and it was best not to risk isolating complacency. So long as I'm sincere, I'm sure I'll be identified with somehow, not being *that* atypical, but feeling like there's room for more stories out there. Even/especially stupid, vulnerable, agitated, complacent, lonely, career-risking, incomplete stories.

-KM

ME, ME, ME

I am media strategist, publisher, editor, journalist, philosopher, cultural theorist, marketing co-ordinator, entrepreneur, employed important-sounding, organised, neat and accomplished person ME. Look at this neat piece of paper all folded into a book! It has been my dream to have a book of my own, when I saw all the books on the shelf at the library as a kindergartner. Look at my expanding ribcage filling with air.

No, no. The presence of zines in a society indicates educators, resource allowance and of course a legacy of forerunners. Attribution goes to the dole money, arts & crafts practising teachers, the labour & time of the workers who made and designed everything I consume, and the land and resources that's based on.

Now, of course I want to play a part in that system, be seen as officially important. On paper I am a sponge. But, I almost don't want to be 'official'. I want to be as unofficial as I can as I demonstrate the essential qualities, in defence of all us who are 'officially' useless but are actually socially, culturally functioning humans.

See, in my list of attributions, I didn't acknowledge anything outside what we know as the basic, essential structure made up of distinct roles. Uh, thanks to the policemen, firemen, ambulance force, teachers, mum and dad, the prime minister, farmers, movie stars... Yeah, of course. Ah, kid suddenly realises the world doesn't revolve around them and their ~potential~ and ~dreams~. Anyhow, thanks to the childhood playground, and the teenage playground (the internet), and everybody who has ever done or said something at some point, no matter what you are – got banned on a lame internet forum for posting self-righteous rants, said hi for no reason on MSN, wrote lame graffiti on a toilet wall, wore something weird in public that made me feel liberated from aspirational consumer culture, seemed interested in me as a human and not in a 'networking' sense, and other sincere zines, of course...

ps. That was starting to seem like something *The Guardian* would have as an opinion piece. Like that we need to invest more in the Arts, helps

economy, etc. etc. blah blah dunno.

ZINE STATEMENTS

This is a 'ZINE'. What is a 'ZINE'? Well, what I know is that it is a magazine but cheaper looking. Zines can include stuff like,

- Why armpit hair etc. is OK to have
- Thoughts about anarchism, intersectionality, feminism, punk rawk and other terms
- Interviews of bands
- Poems
- Short stories
- Drawings

Zines can be written by people who might have purple or blue hair, might find it harder to work at a big magazine or on the internet, and like to go to libraries. Libraries and government funded youth spaces often contain zines.

I approve of female body hair, I like libraries, drawings, and political talk not represented in stuff like the Daily Telegraph but most importantly, I like words printed on paper that is folded into a book in the most economically and culturally feasible option.

I still don't know WTF zine's are, actually. Am I qualified to call this an actual magazine? Or a mag? 'Zine' sounds really 90's American, real kool, ace, edgy. What about something Aussie, like 'maga', 'maggo', maggot, maggaz, eh.. alt-rag, back-up TP, ink guzzler, social prosthesis for people incapable of having a good old yarn, micro-book, booklet, little grublication, govt. approved activity project for alt-kids, dream career stepping stone for coddled middle class art's students, thing to passively flick through when the internet is down, bunch of words...

Look at what the internet's done to me. Internet, and cynical, stereotype-referencing TV with the prejudices of conservative adults. I don't mean to seem very mean, if that seems mean – I mean it in a friendly, and also self-depreciating way. I want to be challenging, subversive, like an 'authentic' zine. Don't want to be sterile.

I, too, fail to be impressed by the demands of mainstream political and business culture. I'm only self-flaggellating as a kind of theatre to

placate authority. Like I'm expected to play this role. To placate authority, adjust to my fetid corner and placate complacent social groups, and feel intellectually superior by harbouring doubt and hesitation, and then discount that doubt and hesitation by throwing this publication out into the world.

ME ME ME MEEE

So clever, stepping out of the box of liberal/new left prigs, memelord cunt sympathisers, retrofetishising punks, etc. and also being a bit self-contradictory and self-depreciating! Oh, covering all my bases here, somebody please laugh, or don't, because I will still take pleasure in making you uncomfortable, you ignorant, complacent little shit, you'll be kicked out of your cosy little womb of anaesthetising media and modern convenience and we'll all have to grow up again and start yet another slow, tedious recovery process from PTSD and suddenly figure out how to turn off internet distractions and arrange for economic and social provisions for the security and mental, emotional dignity of all. I'm not saying we need another war, that suffering necessitates being a decent person, or anything like saying that children need to be hit to understand the necessity of work and cooperation in securing provisions for survival and enjoyment.

YOU, YOU, EVERYONE

Sorry.

Forgive me, I know not what I do. I forgive you, you know not what you do.

IDIOTS. WE ARE IDIOTS.

I will hate myself a bit less, having repented before doomsday.

Or maybe I am an idiot, and you are not? You are about to unleash your collective potential while I am stuck twiddling lonely, vague convictions around in my head?

I am not a cool and controlled master of ironic discourse and posturing, maybe I am actually insane - which it pains me to say - may be more

respectable.

Maybe I am just plain, plain uncertain and vulnerable somehow. Or not vulnerable, just bored and overconfident, with no real accountability. Plain old what-ifs churn over and over.

Here is a giant mushroom with an acubra. Let's think about simple and quaint things. I'll imagine i'm a good old Aussie larrikin, simple n' smart and authentic as grandma's, ah, damper? Does it make you feel all warm inside, thinking about our not-quite-Britishness, not-quite-Americanness, symbolised by rural, humble attire playfully placed upon the biggest mushroom you have ever seen? By an Aussie farmer?



Illustration 1: Narcoorte Mushroom

It seems very, very simple, but beware of this mushroom, for it may harbour intoxicating and stupefying politics. Beware of sophists, of poorly curated news, of layers and layers of irony or contradiction lulling you into smug refuges under signs and symbols as if the only way to not feel horribly anxious and inadequate is to pretend that you 'get it' by surrendering and accepting the discipline, gazing smugly at those anguished fools who don't 'get it' and keep trying but will never shake you... Until they 'get' the extent that you are vain. You both will ultimately get that you are surrounded by confusing nonsense, but the one that did not initially 'get' it, did not identify with it, who maintained ambiguity, who may be confused and somewhat playful but are ultimately gentle, will win our hearts. They are not PR extensions and distractions; their laughter elucidates, not oppresses.

Now, I should confess that I read a Lifted Brow article about internet culture and fascism and Kierkegaard before writing this. I did not entirely understand either of them and I felt a bit weird and bourgeois, artificial, a tiny bit vain, and they both could have endeared me towards oppressive authorities in academia or religion. But I took from them some things that I feel are useful and dignified, and some things that may feel a bit wrong and alienating. But either way, I am grounded in reality – I hope – and I am not a self-deluding dogmatic slave to Christianity, of nationalism, corporate culture, or whatever intellectual trends these frazzled, media-saturated academics channel. I hope.

I do feel like a bit of a slave to habit, though, and maybe that makes me complicit in a lot of bad things, acting in a way generally expected of a person of my make-up and social context. But anyhow, staying sane and pushing past those conventions from my little vantage point is all I can do.

And that feels incomplete – it is, because there is lots wrong in the world still. And this refers to the whole world, and if I think of a big infographic map with all the probable horrible things going on, then think of some of the stories I have heard... Ah, this is straying into too-guilty, self-congratulatory, little-girl-who-got-a-clap-at-church-for-raising-money-for-charity territory. There's something a bit off about that to. So let's move on, for now. I am a human, I do not have a command centre in my house.

Ah, I have no hope. In a good, hopeful way, because I want to be rid of that fleeting hope and self-satisfaction that comes and goes when you make really empty plans or right before something comes along to put your ego into doubt. Hopeful unhopefulness seems like a bit of a jarring, not-very-clever contradiction. I'm not doing irony correctly, it's not clever, but it's still like I'm showing off... It's kind of nice in a way. A wholesome self-depreciation. Let out some air/steam in a controlled manner.

- the repressed philosopher

A VERY SPECIAL SAUCEPAN



This saucepan is the very saucepan that Kitchen's Floor's biggest fan's girlfriend's friend's boyfriend (or just friend?), a French Chef, used to cook the tomato sauce for what was perhaps KF frontman Matt Kennedy's best meal in years. That same saucepan was also used to record classic Floor songs some ten years ago, and upcoming 7” *Before Dawn*. It hasn't always been smooth sailing for the utensil, however, as it was recently almost left taped to Mark Woodley's drum kit in Highgate Hill, dwarfed terrifyingly by thousands of shinier, proper instruments, in cool, sterile air-conditioning. The poor pot's life then took a turn for the worst, when it was almost discarded after harbouring the pictured tomato and its fungal spawn for months, but was thankfully salvaged and scrubbed clean. The pot remains in it's rightful place at 116 and has humbly taken to rice cooking.

PARTS UNKNOWN, WEIGHT UNKNOWN: STILL UNKNOWN



Illustration 2: Parts Unknown, Weight Unknown's profile picture. Are they hiding in a shipping container?

What *do* we know about Brisbane's secretive act? One can speculate that their collective weight is perhaps 250kg, and their parts known only to a select few. The length of their collective legacy in Brisbane's music scene, placed on a timeline back-to-back, would reach all the way to the founding of the Labor party in 1901. Yet, little is still known about the mysterious group. Parts Unknown, Weight Unknown - potential unknown.



Thanks